

## **27. A Hundred Years Afterward**

About a hundred years after Prince Marvel enjoyed his strange adventures in the Enchanted Island of Yew an odd thing happened.

A hidden mirror in a crumbling old castle of Dawna broke loose from its fastenings and fell crashing on the stone pavement of the deserted hall. And from amid the ruins rose the gigantic form of a man. His hair and beard were a fiery red, and he gazed at the desolation around him in absolute amazement.

It was the Red Rogue of Dawna, set free from his imprisonment.

He wandered out and found strange scenes confronting him, for during the hundred years a great change had taken place in the Enchanted Island. Great cities had been built and great kingdoms established. Civilization had won the people, and they no longer robbed or fought or indulged in magical arts, but were busily employed and leading respectable lives.

When the Red Rogue tried to tell folks who he was, they but laughed at him, thinking the fellow crazy. He tried to get together a band of thieves, as Wul-Takim had done in the old days, but none would join him.

And so, forced to be honest against his will, the Rogue was driven to earn a living by digging in the garden of a wealthy noble, of whom he had never before heard.

But often he would pause in his labors and lean on his spade, while thoughts of the old days of wild adventure passed through his mind in rapid succession; and then the big man would shake his red head with a puzzled air and mutter:

"I wonder who that Prince Marvel could have been! And I wonder what ever became of him!"